

The Bride

aliceinbloom

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Summary:

You moved from Derry the minute you hit the age of eighteen. Upon your return there are things that have been waiting for you. Things that shouldn't be alive still.

1. Chapter 1

You were made for him.

Built by eldritch horrors to taunt him for the period of time he'd been on this meaty planet. He'd seen you in his dreams, just out of reach, and you were disgusting. You were terrible. You had the biggest, most obnoxious smile on your plump face, and by the gods did he want to chew it off.

Except you didn't exist when he was awake.

You never existed when he was searching through the world for you.

But then you did. He saw you as a child and he obsessed over how he would get to you - if he could get to you. You disappeared like you always did before he could consume you and make this horrible, empty, feeling of loss go away.

So he feasted on Georgie and waited.

Waited. Waited. Waited still.

Twenty seven years pass.

And then you appeared in Derry with that smile on your face. He watched from beneath the sewers, *waiting*, hungry. You were an adult now but the hair was the same, the way your eyes crinkled when you smiled, and the way your laugh rang out like bells held his attention like it had the first time.

He wanted to eat you. Make you suffer. You were his mate, made by eldritch beings, just for him. You were the reason he kept staying in the little town of Derry, Maine, because he knew you'd come back. You *always* came back.

And it seemed at that very moment you looked towards the sewers. He was out of sight but he could see your confusion, the way your lips pursed, and the crinkle around those bright eyes as you searched for something that was clearly there. Seeing nothing you shrugged and went on your way.

God he hated you so much.

God how he wanted to ravage you with his entirety.

The next day he notices you near one of his usual haunts. You had a sandwich in hand, bottle of root beer in the other, as you sat in the damp grass near the water. Your hair was pulled back into a loose bun. Green eyes were as observant as ever.

He could attack you right there you know. Right now. He could clamp down his teeth and bleed you out where you sat. He could be done with this longing he felt for you.

So many emotions bubbled in his usually hollow chest. The only emotion he could figure out was that sick sense of longing that blocked out the usual (semi) rational thought he had that bulbous head of his. But instead he watched as you took out your phone to play some music. Surprisingly it was something older. The pleasant melody of a piano echoed within the area. It was one of the first songs he'd heard when he'd come to this meat sack planet.

When he looked up from the phone in your hand he notices that you're staring right at the spot he'd hidden himself at. You were always inquisitive. Even as a child you'd sensed him but you were smart enough to leave unlike the Losers.

"Buzzing..." you murmured as you raised the volume. "Like you're here still here. They didn't kill you like they said they did..."

Resting your phone and sandwich down you rise from your spot. Your body screams and pops like it usually does. You're not the young child you used to be when you would venture to this place. Slowly you tread to the edge of the stream, eyes narrowed in concentration. You can feel him like he can feel you. Suddenly your hand rises to your throat, the skin there flushed (were you glowing?). It felt uncomfortably warm again like it had felt all those years ago.

"Are... are you there?" Another step forward. The buzzing gets louder in your ears as well as his own.

A sudden dizzy spell hits you as you take another step into the water. Your feet are burning from the cold. Yet you can't shake the way your knees wobble, the way your head seems to creak as your whole body goes numb. For a moment you wonder if you're havin a stroke but that can't be possible. Right?

Ri—

You stumble forward, the world churns, you hit the water face first. Blood seeps from your nose as you slam down into a particularly large rock but you can't move. Your body is numb from whatever is happening. The world turns black with the faint sound of snarls and bells in the background.

2. Chapter 2

It all happens so fast. Your body convulses in the water for just a moment and then you go still. Pennywise has never been fearful but there's a sickly sweet flavor in his mouth as he pulls you up from the water by the nape of your neck.

It takes him a moment as he's holding you in his grasp that he had saved you. Again. For the second time. Pennywise did not save humans. Yet with you... his eyes flash gold with frustration, teeth growing sharp. He should kill you for this. With the back of your head in his grasp he could easily twist it to break your neck.

Except he realizes that you aren't moving when he comes into focus through his rage. You're barely breathing. In fact your chest isn't even moving. Apparently in the few seconds you'd been in the water you'd swallowed a good amount into your lungs.

For a moment he glares down at you. He didn't know how to save humans. He killed them! He made them swallow their fear so he could swallow their flesh to continue existing.

Smearing the blood away from your nose (which is surely broken) he takes in your appearance. The last time he had seen you this close had been when you were a child. You had been small and chubby, ripe for eating. Now you look as you always did from his dreams. Wild hair, tan skin, Roman nose, body incredibly small compared to his own gangly large one. You were his exact opposite. Normal to human eyes, plain, nothing special in the least bit. Hell you'd been working in a liquor store prior to returning to Derry. From what he gathered you were normal besides the small obsession with clowns you secretly harbored.

Bringing his free hand down to your throat he faintly feels something familiar beneath the thick gloves he wore. *Warmth*. Your skin seemed to radiate it more in this part of your body. Eyes narrowing he leans over—

Only to be coughed on.

Water and saliva spatters on his face as he jolts back. Lip curling, teeth baring angrily, he watches in faint fascination as you naturally spit up the water that you had swallowed. Gasping for air your eyes open wide, fear forcing you to flail out of him grasp. Before you turn back around he's gone back to his spot.

He doesn't want you to know he'd helped you out.

Again.

You find yourself limping back to your parents house after painfully coughing up a lung. It was a slow progress. What would of been a ten minute walk ended up almost thirty. There were many breaks to breathe, to lean up against trees. You were beat up after that fall into the river.

When you finally enter your home your father comes trudging out of the living room, tone full of pep— only to be fussing over you in a split second. He helps you to the bathroom first to help you clean up.

“I dunno how it happened,” you snort out, coughing into your hand as he finishes putting a bandage over your nose. Your spit tastes metallic with an underlying hint of mucus. “Just had a searing headache and uh... fell over in the middle of eating.”

“I know what happened.” He gives an easy grin. Your father used to be so high strung when you were a kid. He'd calm down with proper medication and retirement. “You grabbed an actual beer instead of the root beer you brought.”

You roll your eyes as you look in the mirror. Damn what a mess of a person you were right now. Your skin was stained with blood despite your best efforts at cleaning it off. And your hair? God you didn't even know how you got all this mud in it.

Crinkling your nose you can't be certain about what had happened back there. What in the hell had caused you to pass out like that? Why had there been a buzzing of all things to do it?

“Hey Dad?” Your attention goes back to your old man. “Have... have

I ever passed out for no reason before?"

He looked off to the side, expression thoughtful as he washed his hands in the sink, "Well there was that one summer back when you were a kid. Passed out a few times when it was raining. Stopped after school started back up though. Why, kid?"

"Huh..." lips purse into a soft frown. You don't really remember that summer. In fact you don't remember most of your summer after your best friend had disappeared. You'd probably blocked out the trauma of losing him.

"Well I better shower. I'll come down in a bit if my head stops pounding."

Your father waves you away while tossing out the blood soaked items he'd used to help clean your face off, "Do your thing, Y/N. Mom and I will be fine eating by ourselves tonight."

"Actually..." your father suddenly says abruptly, "One thing to add about that summer. You always complained of your head buzzing but when we took you to the doctor there wasn't anything wrong with you. Food for thought I guess."

Nodding you stare at the shower.

Fuck. The buzzing had to mean something, right?

3. Chapter 3

Since your return a few weeks ago two children have gone missing. They were five and six respectively. The first one, a little girl, had been last seen in front of her house. She'd been playing with her favorite ball in the backyard before it apparently rolled its way to the front. The next moment she was gone. The second child had been a little boy. Chubby little guy had been in the front yard as well with a buddy but hadn't made it inside. His little buddy couldn't process what had happened.

While this was frightening news it was so common in Derry for people to go missing that in the next few days it was seemingly tossed under the rug. Which had to get you wondering... who the hell was doing this? Who break up families this quickly without remorse?

A fucking psychopath is what this person was.

You grumble as you sip at your coffee. This is why you jolted the minute you'd turned eighteen. You'd saved up all of the cash you had made as a preteen to teenager with odd jobs, took it out, and moved over to Rhode Island as quickly as the bus would of let you with little possessions you could carry.

Life had been trial after trial for you but you always managed to pull through. Your longest job had been manager at a local liquor store but you'd been let go after you'd cursed a customer out for being incredibly rude to your coworker. You didn't respect people who put anyone in retail down after working in it for so long. That temper of yours always got you in trouble. You'd been surprised being a manager had lasted the last four years up until a few weeks ago.

Settling your mug onto the counter you look over to the window. The buzzing in your head seemed to kick up at random now. You could never figure out why but some days it was worse than others. Like today. It was making it difficult to do anything other than sit in your father's kitchen and sip at something warm. Not long after that though you grimaced, but— You blink. Once. Twice.

Was that a fucking *balloon* in your backyard?

It was familiar. Why was this familiar? It stayed in place as you forced up the courage to go outside to inspect it. Eyes narrow in concentration as you come face to face with the shiny thing. It slowly turns in place. In darker red it said 'I LOVE DERRY' on the side facing you now.

You take a step back. What in the fu—

Before you're able to figure it out there's a face behind the balloon. And a body. In fact there is an entire person behind the balloon who is about three feet taller than you. Gasping you stumble back further.

It's a clown. You're looking at a clown who looked as if he popped out of an old, frightening, Italian playbook. He was a more frightening version of the singing clown from Pagliacci. You briefly wonder why you know such a random tidbit of knowledge.

"What the hell..." you stammer out, staring him down as he stares you down in return.

At first he doesn't do anything but stare. You faintly see his eyes take you in, but you can't make out the emotion he has on his face. It's disconcerting as all hell with the smile that stayed on his lips since he'd arrived out of thin air. What seemed like eternity in silence was broken.

"Hi there!" he suddenly booms out, his lips curling into an even bigger smile. "I'm Pennywise, the dancing clown!"

You jump back in surprise. "Uuuuhh— nice— nice to meet you?"

For a moment you have no idea how to process what is happening. Pennywise is still staring but you notice, with faint disgust, that he is drooling. Saliva pools at his bottom lip and drip, drip, drips down onto the silky costume he wore. It doesn't seem to seep into the fabric. His head tilts ever so slightly to the side as he takes a step forward. His one eyes seems to veer off to the side as well

"Do you feel the pull?," he asks as you find yourself unable to move. His teeth bare, eyes wide, expression almost manic, like he's trying to get an answer as quickly as possible. "The buzzing? The static?"

This makes you pause. You didn't want to say yes in fear that if you did he would be the answer to it. You really didn't want that.

With your silence he seems to grow agitated. He closes the distance before your body reacts. Or rather, your body reacts in the opposite way you wanted it to. In fact there is relief that fills you when he grabs your face with one of those overly large hands of his. The material of his gloves are rough from use against your cheeks. It's then that you notice the buzzing had died down. This entire time it'd been rattling around in your skull but it's silent the minute he'd pressed his hands to your face.

It was silent.

For the love of god it was *silent*.

Everyday had been a headache for you up until this moment. You'd constantly felt something inside of your skull ready to pop out and Mister Creepy Clown is the reason why it dwindles down to nothing. Your breathing begins to shallow, panic starts to rise. You have no idea what any of this means.

But he seems to know. He seems to know the answer as he hovers above you, his thumb brushing against your flushed cheeks. Somehow you were able to determine he was feeling the same confusion you were but he seemed far too excited over it. The relief that you both felt were palatable. You could see it in the way his body seemed to relax just ever so slightly.

Finally getting up the courage to move you reach for his wrist. Your smaller hand wraps around his flesh beneath the ruffles of his sleeve and glove. The texture of his skin is vastly human but with an underlying alien feel to it. It's like nothing you've felt before.

He is surprised, to say the least, when you decide to touch him back. Honestly he had figured you would be too scared to do anything. Pennywise could taste your fear and panic but it was obvious that you were struggling with something as your fingers made contact with his flesh.

Your hand was so smooth. He'd touched human skin before but it was when he decided to eat them. But with yours? God yours was enticing in a different manner.

You felt nice.

You felt warm, inviting, despite the tremor your entire body seemed to go through, as you inched your hand beneath the fabric of his shirt.

“You... it’s... it’s you,” you murmur back. “You make it stop. What are you?”

The grin on his face seemed to stretch impossibly wide. Teeth bore as he brushes his nose against your hair. You smell like coconut and something sweeter than he is used to with humans. It’s something he could get used to if he could lure you down to his domain.

“Your future.” He brings up the hand that isn’t being fondled to brush over your neck. There’s a warmth there that calls to him.

After weeks of trying to figure it out he realizes you are part him. You are eternal. You were just born in a different era of this world existing. It all made sense. You’d been made from stardust and formed in this weaker shell until he could draw you out. Draw out your deadlights so you could grow.

You would be beautiful when you finally matured.

But for now he would accept this fragile body for you and he would claim it. Like he was doing now, sniffing his way to your throat. You seemed to be in a daze while you allowed him to do as he pleased. His lips suction onto your neck, just over your pulse. Your head lawls back out of instinct while he marks your skin. A breathy moan escapes you as he continues to search, lips and teeth grazing until he was over the warmth he had been feeling before.

They would rise out soon, he muses, as he laps his tongue over your jugular.

And as soon as the moment is there it’s gone. The sound of two car doors slamming shut is enough to have you tear out of his grasp.

“I— I have to go,” your voice is high pitched in embarrassment. Your face is flushed red as you look between him and the house. “I have to go!”

Before he can get a word in edgewise you’ve run away into your current home. Despite wanting to run after you he stays in his spot a moment longer before disappearing.

He’d just have you later. A midnight snack, if you will.